

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lifters and Learners.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the good and the bad, for 'tis well understood

The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years

Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth

You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's busy span

Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean

Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses

Are ever divided in just these two classes.

And strangely enough you will find, too, I ween.

There is only one lifter to twenty two lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load

Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or, are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of worry and labor and care?
'The British Weekly.'

Loyal to the Core.

(Rilda Richmond, in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

'No there is nothing brilliant about George,' the proprietor of the printing establishment remarked, 'but he is loyal to the core. We have had office boys who told things they should have kept still about, but George has been with us two years now and we have never known a single instance where he could not be trusted. He was sixteen then and took the lowest place we had, but has steadily advanced till now we are thinking of putting him in charge of the job press room very soon.'

'Don't you think that is the secret of success everywhere,' asked the friend who was being shown the workings of the plant. 'The person who isn't loyal has few other good qualities. For my part I want nothing to do with boys who feel they have no responsibility after the doors close at six o'clock till the next morning. I always like to advance as fast as possible boys who show an interest in us, but the young man who tells of the mistakes we make, in his opinion, very soon finds himself out of a job.'

And when you think of it carefully, there is much truth in what both men said. The boy who tells adverse things about the office or confides business secrets to competitors, is just as much dishonest as the one who steals money, though it may not appear as bad on the surface. Remember that it is absolutely none of your business how your employer wants his work done, if he is willing to pay for it. You may think you know a great deal better how to manage than he does, but that remains to be shown. When you have your own store, if you ever do, you will not thank the 'smart' young men who want to run your affairs for you.

A great deal has been said about the subject of honesty for boys, but to be honest does not mean you must disclose secrets belonging to others. 'Would you have me tell a lie?' asked a youth indignantly when rebuked for letting out a business secret. 'He asked me and what could I say?' The employer pointed out the mistake and said gravely, 'You should have said nothing. We expect our clerks to be loyal to us, and can

employ no one who has not learned discretion.' If there are things in the lives of your employers that you cannot approve of, you need not mention them. Of course no boy would want to remain with dishonest men no matter what inducements they offered, but little faults and failings should never be spoken of to anyone.

The boy who is loyal to his family is almost certain to be loyal in any place he may occupy. Every once in a while you hear some young man, or woman, speaking in young people's meeting and saying sadly he is the only Christian in the home, but loyalty should seal his lips. It is all right to ask the minister or some friend to pray and talk with loved ones, but to publicly proclaim such delinquencies is enough to discourage the other members of the family. If there be things in the family—and perfect people are scarce—that should be kept as quiet as possible, by all means do so. Be sure the world will think better of you for being loyal under all circumstances, and you gain nothing by telling your troubles.

Loyalty to one's church is more rare than it should be, too. Is it so easy to stay away if the music or the sermon or the members or any one of a dozen things do not suit our fancy. Some young people wander from one church to another till they lose the home feeling entirely. The minister cannot suit every one, and it may be your ideas are all wrong anyway, so why expect him to cut his sermons according to your pattern? Blessed be the faithful men and women who loyally stand by their church through evil as well as good report, and are ever ready to do what they can for their Master! If there are squabbles in the choir, they do not enjoy spreading the dire news abroad, and if some one happens to say an unkind thing about them, their feelings are never ruffled to the degree that they demand a letter so they can enter another church. Every congregation has members who might be improved, but 'all we like sheep have gone astray,' and it is well to remember that before running to the minister to tell our troubles. Form the habit of being in your place every Sunday and always ready to speak a good word for the church and its work. Ruskin says if you steadily do your duty you will come to enjoy even the hard things before long, and that is the way with going to church where everything does not entirely suit. The little things that annoy are soon lost in the greater benefits derived from the worship, and you will speedily find yourself wondering why you ever made any objections.

And last and more important than all, be loyal to God. The promises are sure to those who believe, but when we wander from the fold we find ourselves in doubt and fear. In prosperity and in adversity cling close to his guiding hand and all will be well. The murmuring people of old said, 'It is vain to serve God,' but the fault was with them and not with the Father above. In thought, in word, and in deed be loyal to our God and his Christ, for in so doing you will make your life rich and full here below, and in the end find an abundant entrance into the glory that shall be hereafter.

The Story in the Face.

We often fail to realize how thoroughly the face is an index of character. Children recognize instinctively whom they can trust.

The life we live writes its story on the features. Purity or sensuality, intelligence or ignorance, kindness or cynicism, trace their record in broad characters which every one can read. The artist or the criminologist can read more of the details of the story which the lines and furrows tell, but all the world can understand the face that bears the seal of virtue or of vice, of Christ-likeness or of brutality and sin.

An exchange tells of an infidel Swiss artist who was converted merely by studying the faces of a very humble band of Christians. He was commissioned to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting in Sheffield, England. 'He went there on that errand and scanned the faces of the people;

he—with his heart like the troubled sea that could not find rest, tossed and driven by tempests of passion, and tormented by a conscience burdened by sin—looked on the assembled worshippers and saw peace written on their faces, and an inward joy beaming from their countenances. The sight convinced him of his sinfulness. He saw that those people had what he had not, and what he needed; and the faces were the means of leading him to Christ, and the peace which Christ alone can give.'

The face of the Christian may not shine as that of Moses did when he came from Sinai, but Christ's seal is set upon it, and, in proportion as he lives Christ, it reflects the purity and love and peace of the Lord, and is a help and inspiration to weaker souls.—'Lutheran Observer.'

Jim's Father.

A boy of fourteen was left fatherless, and was taken upon the farm by a kind neighbor, in order to earn his own livelihood. Poor Jim felt very sorrowful and lonely at times, and longed often with a great longing to have his father back again to speak kindly to him, and to put his hand on his head with the old familiar good-night ges-



EARNING HIS OWN LIVELIHOOD.

ture he remembered so well. But all in vain. Father could never come back again. He had gone to be with God.

Late one evening Jim sat in the chimney-corner, and as he gazed into the fire, the big tears would come up into his eyes and run down his cheeks. Big boy as he was, he was ashamed to let others see that he was pining for his father's love, and so turned his face resolutely to the wall. The farmer, who had been watching the lad attentively for some time, at last laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

'Jim, lad, what ails you? You need a father to take care of you, it seems to me.'

The words were kindly spoken, and the boy's heart overflowed. He burst into tears.

'I wish I had a father to care for me,'

'You might have had one all along, if you hadn't run away from him.'

'I?' cried the boy. 'I never ran away. My father died two years ago.'

'One father died then. The other is still living.'

Jim knew then what Farmer Lightfoot meant, but he said nothing at all.

'You have a Father in heaven from whom you have wandered, who loves you more than your earthly father did, and is more